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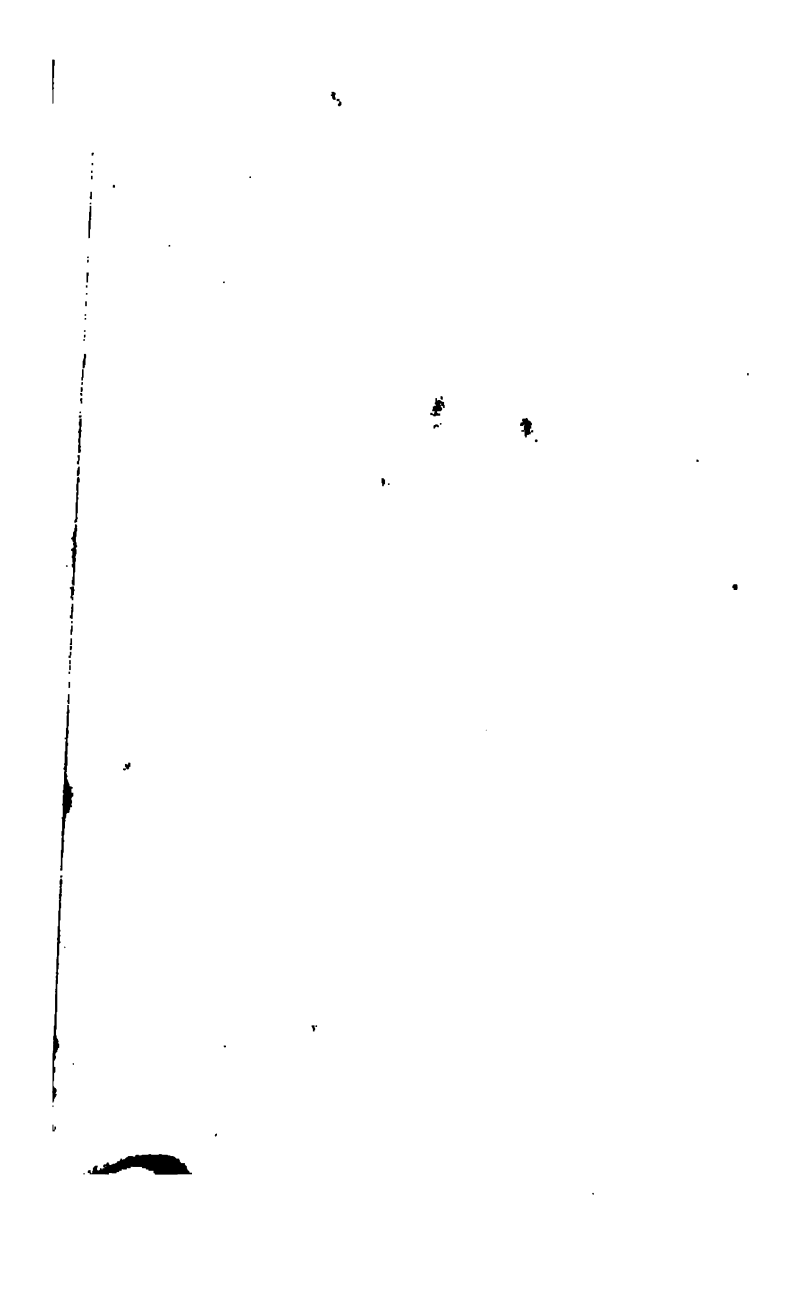




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# RIVAL RHYMES,

IN HONOUR OF BURNS;

WITH CURIOUS ILLUSTRATIVE MATTER.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

*BEN TROVATO.*

*Samuel Lock*

---

"If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,  
There are who judge still worse than he can write."

POPE.

---

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# RIVAL RHYMES.



# THE BARD OF AYR.

BY F\*\*\*\*\*P\*\*\*\*T.



## I.

IN sparkling cluster,  
The midnight lustre  
Of stars shone bright o'er  
    A haunted stream ;  
And the spirit-daughter  
Of the mystic water  
Was sweetly singing in  
    The starlight gleam.  
The siren song,  
As it stole along,  
The fairy throng did  
    In chorus share ;

For the witching story  
Foretold the glory  
Crowning for evermore  
The banks of Ayr !

## II.

Then sprite of mountain,  
And fay of fountain,  
And fireflies flickering  
In circles bright,  
Made revel rare  
Round the Bard of Ayr,  
In cottage lowly born,  
That starry night.  
But humble places  
That genius graces,  
For ages, memory  
Will cherish long,  
The souls of feeling ;  
The poorest shieling  
Is made a palace  
By the prince of song !

## III.

When the weird daughters  
Of the woods and waters  
Had made their revelry,  
    The pageant fled ;  
While bright in heaven,  
Was signal given,  
Sublimely shining o'er  
    The infant's head.  
For then, resplendent,  
His star ascendant  
Shone forth in Lyra,  
    With lustre rare ;  
The fate foretelling,  
And fame high-swelling,  
Of the shepherd's reed, and  
    The Bard of Ayr !

## IV.

O child of toil,  
Canst thou dare the spoil

Of the sacred chaplet—  
    The poet's meed ?  
Unhelm'd thy brow,  
And unarm'd art thou—  
For the arms are letters,  
    That poets need.  
But though unarmèd,  
Thy life is charmèd ;  
Though rival spears be  
    Like weaver's beam,  
To battle cheerly ;  
Thou'lt beat them rarely,  
With sling and pebble from  
    The mountain stream.

## v.

Though nought of Sanscrit  
That early man writ ;  
Nor sacred Hebrew,  
    Nor sounding Greek ;  
Nor stately Latin,  
The bard was pat in—

Those many tongues, that many  
Nations speak.  
Yet, oh ! far sweeter  
Than pedant metre,  
Or classic glitter, that the  
Schools impart,  
Was Nature's dower  
Of matchless power—  
'Twas the living language  
Of the heart.

## VI.

We've heard the chiming  
Of many a rhyming,  
From the booming belfry  
Of pseudo fame ;  
But Fancy's spells  
Did not rule the bells—  
'Twas noisy mockery  
Of music's name.  
Such clang uproarious,  
Though deem'd victorious,



By the ranting ringers  
    Who fame would quell,  
No charm could render  
Like the music tender  
Of the quiet tinkling of  
    The shepherd's bell.

## VII.

In all around him  
'Twas Nature found him  
The store of beauty,  
    Whence Fancy drew,  
The "birken shade,"  
And the moon-lit glade,  
Whose music's made by rivers  
    Rushing through.  
The plaintive note  
Of "the woodlark's" throat,  
Sad lover, doting,  
    Awakes thy pain ;  
Or the breezy West  
To thy loving breast

Wafts balmy mem'ries of  
Thy lovely "Jean."

## VIII.

For Feeling's phases  
Through Love's deep mazes,  
For grave, or gay, or  
    For patriot fire,  
For sadness sinking,  
Or the cans when clinking,  
His spirit ruled each measure  
    Of the lyre.

No school oppress'd him,  
No rules distress'd him  
A fearless hand o'er  
    His harp he flung ;  
The string rebounding  
With bolder sounding  
Than e'er was heard since  
    Young Greece had sung.

## IX.

On Parnassus, pearly  
With dew-drops early,  
The wingèd horse first  
    In freedom ranged,  
Till poetasters  
Became his masters ;—  
For thee, O Pegasus,  
    A woful change !  
His speed restraining  
With curbs and reining,  
And managed training,  
    The noble steed  
Was made to scramble  
In limping shamble—  
They dared not him ride at  
    His native speed !

## X.

To teach him paces,  
With sour grimaces,

Next, critics, cracking  
The saucy thong,  
Restrain'd his bouncing  
With threaten'd trouncing  
Of the peerless palfrey of  
The nymphs of song.  
More to perplex him,  
And further vex him,  
A saddle, next, him  
They put upon ;  
And stirrup crafty  
Did add for safety—  
Without it, hopelessly  
Their seat was gone.


## XI.

But BURNS, brave rhymers,  
A daring climber,  
Up steep Parnassus  
Undaunted came ;  
The nymphs adoring,  
Their leave imploring


To ride their steed in  
    The Olympic game.  
All servile strappings,  
And puny trappings,  
The fearless bard flung,  
    Indignant, down.  
On the wild horse springing,  
'Mid plaudits ringing,  
He rode him bareback'd, and  
    He won the crown !

## XII.

'Tis a hundred years  
Since, with fairy cheers,  
His birth was welcomed  
    With revel rare.  
Now the sons of earth  
Meet, to note the birth  
Of the matchless minstrel,  
    The Bard of Ayr.  
Great Bard, excelling  
Our power of telling,



Oh ! mighty master  
Of smiles and tears !  
Such gift from Heaven  
Is seldom given—  
’Tis only “once in  
A hundred years !”



A REMONSTRANCE TO THE DIRECTORS  
OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY A PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHER.



I.

“He is a bold man who dareth to tamper with the  
dead.”

Thus have I sung before, to the tuneful tinklings  
of my harp,

Even the harp of the son of Sirach :—and though  
with feebler hand

That harp be struck, still singeth it of Wisdom.

And again I say it, and the saying shall last for  
ever—even as long as wisdom lasteth,

“He is a bold man who dareth to tamper with the  
dead.”

Wherefore tamper ye, therefore ; pampering vanity  
to insanity ?

Even the insanity of hero-worship. Are these the  
days of Wodin?

Wodin or wooden, I care not :—tremble to tamper  
with timber.

Whether your image be made of the cony fir of  
Albin,

Or of that song-breeding tree the British Oak of  
Albion,

Or Iberia's ever-green Ilex, or Shilela of verdant  
Juverna,

Or Logwood, whence wine-merchants chip that  
British idol,—Port Wine.

## II.

"It is a bold man who dareth to tamper with the  
dead."

Wherefore, then, dig up BURNS for dignity pos-  
thumous?

Have you not read what I've said of the dead in  
my first serious series?

"For their whereabouts lieth in a mystery, that vestibule  
leading to Eternity,"



“That waiting-room for unclad ghosts, before the presence-chamber of their king.”

This matters less for the Scotch than most of the  
ghosts in waiting ;

For the kilt is but cool wear, and they're better  
prepared to go naked ;

Nevertheless I say, “Tamper not with the dead.”

### III.

Hearken unto me, directors of misdirection, for I am  
the son of Wisdom,

Even Wisdom's younger son, and therefore the wiser ;  
for wisdom cometh not by primogeniture.

Hearken unto me, I say, ye crystal children of  
vanity—

Crystal I call you, because your motives are easily  
seen through.

Why would you burn to Burns this incense of idol-  
worship ?

Have you an eye for the beautiful, or is it an eye  
to the treasury ?

Oh ! 'tis a silver song raised to the golden calf !

## IV.

Dwellers in crystal palaces, tremble to think of the  
adage,

That "tenants of vitreous houses should not be the  
throwers of stones."

Pebbles you have in plenty, paving your tessellated  
courts ;

But cast them not in the teeth of the gaping open-  
mouth'd mob.

What are your pavements within compared to the  
pavements without ?

Celestial pavements of stars, and terrestrial pavements  
of flowers,

Buttercup, primrose, and blue-bell, and daisy, and lip  
of the heifer,

These, and a thousand others, rival your pavements  
Pompeian,

And gorgeous Alhambra,—bright mockery, dazzling  
with pomp Saracenic.

Shame ! in a Christian land to set up a Moslem  
worship.

But I will dethrone your idols, as I have dethroned  
Dagon ;  
Have shaken the pagods of China, and put Confucius  
to confusion.  
I have nipp'd the bud of Bhudda ;—I have quench'd  
the fires of the Ghebir.  
Bramah hath been brayed in a mortar :—who hath  
brayed ?—Even I !  
Who shall have the conquest over me ?—Vishnu,  
don't you wish you may get it !

## V.

*Directors*, beware how you challenge opinion ;—for  
opinion wieldeth a two-edged sword.  
Can ye be strong in the battle with two to one  
against ye ?  
(For, mark me, I'm learnèd in odds, the chance of  
the die and the racecourse,  
The hedge, the dodge, the sell, the cross, and the  
rig of the thimble ;  
The olive-skin'd daughters of gammon, and the  
duke-coaxing siren Aunt Sally.)

Abandon the golden dream of your hundreds of  
plunder centenary.

Remember, the greedy purse overfed is in danger of  
bursting.

You grasp at the bag of Plutus ; perchance it is  
Æolus fills it—

Too often the blown-up fate of directors raising the  
wind !

## VI.

Abandon your golden visions ! false coinage of the  
brain !

Coinage, though not illegal, equally false and illusory.  
Shall we be virtuous only by virtue of Act of  
Parliament ?

The brain-coin is bright as new gold ; like the new  
gold which old grandfathers

Seek from the coffers of bankers to give to their  
grandchildren at Christmas.

But, with senile smile, and blandly, cunningly ask  
for *half*-sovereigns ; for Thrift is the vice of  
age.

Thrift even in waste ;—for wasteful it is, abortive,  
and abominable,

The love of our offspring to purchase, which should  
be spontaneous, free gratis for nothing.

The world is crumbling down into the dust of per-  
dition ;

And golden dust though it be, still it is dusty though  
golden.

Oh, for the golden age !—called golden because there  
was no gold.

(As the classic saying hath it, *Lucus à non  
lucendo.*)

Oh, for the golden age ! when trucking there was, but  
no tricking ;

Giving and taking all things in simple exchange of  
commodity.

When poets truck'd their verses for equal measures  
of fustian ;

And philanthropists paid the dairyman with the milk  
of human kindness.

Cheap was the Irishman's beef which he got in  
exchange for a bull ;

And people could do without salmon when they'd  
other fish to fry.

Such was the golden age when Astrea dwelt upon  
earth !

Where did she lodge ? — Verily, not in a Crystal  
Palace !

## VII.

~~There~~ coinages there be in this nether world, and  
the netherer :—

That of the brain ;—that of the realm ;—and that  
of perdition.

In the coinage of the brain, Hope is the mistress  
of the mint ;

A place which Prime Ministers give not by favour,  
but open to competition.

In the coinage of the realm, a good warm place hath  
the mint-master.

In the coinage of lies, the master of the mint hath  
a warmer.

## VIII.

Harken then to the word of truth ; abandon the festal  
project, according to the word of wisdom.  
For the owl of Minerva is mine, and precious are  
the eggs she layeth.  
Are they not hatch'd by Hatchard of Piccadilly, and  
the brood of brooding appeareth,  
And not unfledged. They have down upon them ;  
yea, the critics are down upon them.  
Therefore are they of great feather, and fly to re-  
motest corners.

## IX.

A final word from the Son of Wisdom, to put the  
whisper of suspicion to silence.  
I acknowledge the glory of BURNS ; yet would not  
that you of that glory make merchandise.  
I acknowledge the glory of BURNS : for the serpent  
of jealousy nestleth not in the hearts of great  
victors.  
I hold not the faith of young Ammon, who said  
there could not be two suns.

I would not dethrone the Darius of song ; nor ob-  
fusate a lesser light ;

Even as the gentle Tobias,—that uncle renowned of  
Tristram,—

Said to the fly, “ Poor devil, there’s room enough  
for both of us.”

So I to him, whose flights partook of the black, not  
the blue bottle.

BURNS, the sun of thy glory resplendent is now in  
the zenith ;

And as the dwellers on th’ equator—they whom the  
learned called Ascii—

Under the vertical blaze cast no shadows at noon-  
tide ;

So standest thou, O BURNS, under the sun of thy  
glory ;—

Therefore thou hast no shadow :—may thy shadow  
never be less !



## A SPIRIT-LAY

FROM HADES.

T\*\*\*\*\*S C\*\*P\*\*LL.



## I.

OF Scotia and the North  
A loving son would sing,  
And to laud surpassing worth  
Would wake the silent string,  
Untouch'd since it sank to the tomb;  
But bardic fires still burn  
In the ashes of the urn,  
And glimmering back return  
Through the gloom.

## II.

For BURNS this spirit-lay  
Is wafted to the earth,  
In honour of the day  
That gave the poet birth,  
A hundred years ago was the time.  
At that propitious hour  
Each visionary power  
Round the ivy-mantled tower  
Hail'd the chime.

## III.

The visionary powers  
That shed their mystic might  
O'er the poet's dreamy hours,  
To make his visions bright,  
Round the cradle of the poet-babe did sweep.  
And freely, as they pass'd,  
In shower bright and fast,  
Their gifts on him they cast  
In his sleep.

## IV.

And Liberty's brave hand  
O'er his head the thistle waved—  
That emblem of a land  
That would never be enslaved—  
And the downy seed took root in his heart,  
And braced it for the fight,  
With a courage ever bright  
For the right against might  
To take part.

## V.

And when he pour'd the song,  
As lovely as 'twas bold,  
For the weak against the strong,  
No bosom could be cold,  
For Truth's celestial wing fann'd the fire,  
To impart the generous glow  
To his verses' fearless flow,  
And victory to bestow  
On his lyre !

## VI.

Oft, in some pleasure-ground  
By vauntful pride display'd,  
While the loveliness around  
Was by wood and water made,  
The Hewers and the Drawers were forgot ;  
Or, if thought of, only view'd  
As a lowly, boorish brood,  
By destiny subdued  
To their lot.

## VII.

Too long this tainted heap  
Of falsehood did obtain,  
The injur'd poor to keep  
In the depth of cold disdain :—  
Where exiled from their kind lay they long,  
Unpitied and unsung,  
Till the peasant-lyre was strung,  
And bold fingers, o'er it flung,  
Waked the song.

## VIII.

Then up the poet stood,  
And as Hercules of old,  
The purifying flood  
Through the Augean stable roll'd ;  
So BURNS commanded Castaly's bright tide,  
In his might of bardic sway,  
Through the humble vale to stray,  
And the foul myth swept away,  
Born of pride.

## IX.

'Twas then, with fearless brow,  
He check'd the pride of kings,  
And bade the titled know  
The fount of honour springs  
In vain, to render fair what is foul ;  
That "rank but stamps the coin,"  
The "gold" is from a mine—  
Placed by the Hand Divine  
In the soul !

## X.

Great was the Switzer's hap,  
Whose neck would *not* be bow'd  
To the despot's feather'd cap  
That awed the market crowd :—  
Oh ! like unto *his* glory was thine,  
And thy heart, in noble swell,  
Not unworthy of a Tell,  
When thy hand it did impel  
To that line !\*

## XI.

I have felt thy soft control,  
The lay of love to pour,  
Or wreathe with flowers of soul  
The wine-cup's genial hour,  
Or summon mirth or tears at thy will ;  
But dearest all to me  
Was thy love of Liberty,  
And the action, ever free,  
Of thy will.

\* "The rank is but the guinea's stamp—the man's the gow'd for a' that."

## XII.

Such joy my own heart knew,  
When it dwelt in mortal shrine,  
As it interwoven grew  
Into brotherhood divine  
With the champions and the bards of the free,  
And invoked upon my lyre  
The succession of their fire,  
That their mantle might attire  
Even me.

## XIII.

When, erst, my muse did sing  
Of Sarmatia trampled down ;—  
And now a burglar king  
Robs the old Hungarian crown,  
While the land where Brutus struck, and Cæsar fell,  
Is held in chains of lead :—  
Awake ! illustrious dead !  
Oh, lift again thy head,  
Gallant Tell !

## XIV.

Strike an alarm, my lyre,  
From the darkness of the tomb,  
And, with thy wonted fire,  
Chase the more deadly gloom  
That o'er the nations crush'd darkly lies :—  
Oh, could thy prompting voice  
Make the battle-field their choice,  
How my spirit would rejoice  
In the skies !





A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST,  
HAILING THE CENTENARY BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

H\*\*\*Y W\*DS\*\*\*TH L\*\*GF\*\*\*W.



I.

FOOTSTEPS of Time, how stealthy ;—stealthy as foot  
of the Indian,  
Sheath'd in the mocassin pliant, treading the forest  
primeval,  
When to the lair of the panther, or on the path  
of the foeman,  
Gliding he cometh ;—the dry leaves uncrackling are  
trodden beneath him,  
Leaving the sentinel oaks asleep on their posts  
undisturbèd.  
But if some branch overlaid with leaves and mosses  
and grasses,

Traverse the path of the red man, unseen and all  
unexpected,  
The branch with its crackling bark, giveth alarm  
like a watch-dog ;  
And the squirrel awaken'd to danger looks down  
on the hunter detected.  
So do the names of renown, defying decay, and  
resisting  
The down-tramp of Time as he stalks through the  
wilderness solemn in silence ;  
Snapping asunder the crust of oblivion, assert their  
existence :—  
The names of the great ones, O Time !—the names  
of the great ones defy thee !

## II.

And now hath Time set his foot on a branch lying  
long in the by-ways,  
Falling at first prematurely, disastrously snapp'd in  
its vigour,  
Too long neglected ;—but often Neglect is the mother  
of Beauty ;

The branch while it lay has been gathering mosses  
and golden lichens,  
Richer and richer each year, encrusted with growing  
glories ;  
Sunshine and rain have fed it :—Whence came the  
sunshine and rain ?  
Even from human eyes as they flash'd or they wept,  
mirth or sorrow !  
Such is the branch that hath crackled beneath the  
footsteps of Time,  
And the forest laughs forth in echoes that murmur  
“A hundred years.”

## III.

And Time with his sithe makes a notch in the  
moss-cover'd branch, as a record,  
Whittling his stick, as it were, in a kind-o'-like  
almanac fashion,  
Even as castaway Crusoe his rails nick'd, his lone  
days to measure :  
The earliest example we have of a time-table kept  
by the railway,

Ere railways restricted the steps of our wide-roving  
children of freedom,  
Compelling monotonous movement in paths parallelo-  
gramical.

## IV.

Happy thy name, O BURNS!—for burns, in thy  
native Doric,  
Meaneth the free bright streams, exhaustless, pellu-  
cid, and sparkling,  
Mountain-born, wild and erratic, kissing the flow'rets  
in passing,  
Type of thy verse and thyself—loving and musical  
ever ;  
And the streams by thy verse made immortal are  
known by our giant rivers,  
Where the emigrants sing them to soothe the yearn-  
ings for home in their bosoms,  
And the Coila and gentle Doon, by the song of the  
Celtic wanderer,  
Are known to the whispering reeds that border the  
great Mississippi.

## V.

Thou wert the lad for the lasses !—lasses the same  
are as misses ;

And here we have misses had pleased you—Missouri  
and the Mississippi.

And “green grow the rushes” beside them—as thy  
evergreen chorus would have them.

## VI.

Thou wert the champion of freedom !—Thou didst  
rejoice in our glory !

When we at Bunker’s Hill no bunkum display’d,  
but true courage !

Jubilant thou wert in our declaration of independ-  
ence !

More a republican thou than a chain-hugging bow-  
and-scrape royalist !

Even the Stars and the Stripes seem appointed the  
flag of thy destiny :—

The stars are the types of thy glory, the stripes  
thou didst get from Misfortune.

## VII.

But other cup didst thou drain than that Misfortune dealt thee,  
The cup of good fellowship, brimming and wreathed  
with the flowers of thy fancy ;  
O, such a cup could I fill with a pledge to such  
spirit as thine,  
Perchance I might trespass like thee, and sit till  
the "hour 'yont the twal,"  
Defying the Maine liquor-law and the sleeky Slyboots of Boston.  
But not in Catawba wine will I drink (although I  
have sung it,  
To pleasure some *Vignerons* friends that dwell by the  
beautiful river) ;  
Nor not in New York champagne, that is turn'd  
out of New Jersey turnips ;  
Nor not in that fire-water fusty, entitled Monongahela ;  
But in old West-India rum—with ebony Sambo to  
serve it.

And though some might object to carouse in this  
State of Massachusetts,

Who dare forbid, when Sambo would say, "Massa  
chuses it!"

So libation I pour to thee, BURNS! on this thy  
Hundredth birthday,

And hundreds of thousands shall drink it for  
thousands of years to come.



A FEW WORDS ON POETS IN GENERAL,  
AND ONE IN PARTICULAR.

BY THE GHOST OF T\*\*\*\*\*S H\*\*D.

---

“What’s in a name?”—*Shakspeare.*

---

I.

By different names were Poets call’d  
In different climes and times ;  
The Welsh and Irish call’d him *Bard*,  
Who was confined to rhymes.

II.

In France they call’d them *Troubadours*,  
Or *Menestrels*, by turns ;  
The Scandinavians call’d them *Scalds*,  
The Scotchmen call theirs *Burns*.



## III.

A strange coincidence is this,  
Both names implying heat ;  
But had the Scotchmen call'd theirs *Scald*,  
'Twere title more complete.

## IV.

For why call'd BURNS 'tis hard to say  
(Except all sense to slaughter) ;  
*Scald* was the name he should have had,  
Being always in *hot water*.

## V.

For he was poor,—his natal hut  
Was built of *mud*, they say ;  
But though the hut was built of mud,  
*He* was no *common clay*.

## VI.

But though of clay he was (a fate  
Each child of earth must share),  
As well as being a child of Earth,—  
He was a child of *Ayr*.

## VII.

And though he could not vaunt his *house*,  
Nor boast his birth's gentility,  
Nature upon the boy bestow'd  
Her patent of nobility.

## VIII.

It needed not for him his race  
In heralds' books should shine ;  
What pride of ancestry compares  
With his illustrious *line* ?

## IX.

So he, with heaven-ennobled soul,  
All heralds held in scorn,  
Save one, the oldest of them all,—  
“The herald of the morn.”

## X.

Call'd by *his* clarion, up rose he,  
True liege of Nature's throne,  
*Fields* to invest, and mountain *crest*  
With *blazon* of his own.

## XI.

His *Vert*, the morning's dewy green,  
His *Purple*, evening's close,  
His *Azure*, the unclouded sky,  
His *Gules*, "the red, red rose."

## XII.

His *Argent* sparkled in the streams  
That flash'd through birken bowers ;  
His *Or* was in the autumn leaves  
That fell in golden showers.

## XIII.

Silver and gold of other sort  
The poet had but little ;  
But he had more of rarer store,—  
His heart's undaunted mettle.

## XIV.

And yet his heart was gentle too,—  
Sweet Woman could enslave him ;  
And from the shafts of Cupid's bow  
Even *Armour*\* could not save him.

\* "Bonny Jean's" maiden name.

## XV.

And if that armour could not save  
From shafts that chance might wield,  
What wonder that the poet wise  
Cared little for a *shield* ?

## XVI.

And *Sable* too, and *Argent* (which  
For colours heralds write)  
In BURNS' uncompromising hands  
Were honest *black and white*.

## XVII.

And in that honest black and white  
He wrote his verses bold ;  
And though he sent them far *abroad*,  
*Home* truths they always told.

## XVIII.

And so, for "honest poverty"  
He sent a brilliant page down ;  
And, to do battle for the poor,  
The gauger threw his *gauge* down.

## XIX.

For him the garb of "hodden gray"  
Than tabards had more charms ;  
He took the part of *sleeveless coats*  
Against the *coats of arms*.

## XX.

And although they of Oxford may  
Sneer at his want of knowledge,  
He had enough of wit at least  
To beat the Heralds' College.

## XXI.

The growing brotherhood of his kind  
He clearly, proudly saw that,  
When launching from his lustrous mind  
"A man's a man, for a' that!"

## ODE

BY AN AMATEUR, AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF

M I L T O N,

ON THE CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.



## I.

HENCE, chroniclers of Time,

Makers of almanacs and strange predictions,

Held by the wise as fictions ;

Begone, and wallow in the river's slime,

To calculate the tides ;

Or be your bed in bedlamitic cell,

Where moon-calves best may dwell,

To note her phases and her quarters dark,

That lovers well may mark,

What silvery hour for meeting best provides.

But here your art is wanted not,

This day—the ne'er-to-be-forgot,

Makes an era of its own ;  
And the dark Cimmerian throne  
Of Erebus and Nox, no more  
Encumbers Lethe's barren shore,  
In chains of silence to oppress  
The victims of forgetfulness.

## II.

Let the elder ages pass  
Darkly—as in a wizard's glass ;  
But the century of to-day,  
Driving all that's dim away,  
Bids the rosy hours advance  
In one bright perennial dance,  
That future centuries come and go  
“On the light fantastic toe.”  
Thus did the hours of eld forerun  
The morning chariot of the Sun.  
“As list'ning how the hounds and horn  
“Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn  
“From his watch-tower in the skies.”  
The day-god rubs his drowsy eyes,

Starting from dark Night's embrace,  
Who envieth his fiery chase  
With the gay Hours ; and fears the hap  
Of his rest in Thetis' lap,  
When the curtain'd clouds are sprent  
O'er the blushing Occident.

## III.

In centennial cycle we,  
With pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
Multitudinously meet,  
Natal day of bard to greet.  
Fauns and Dryads, Sylph and Fairy,  
Hail this epoch centenary.  
See on yonder mountain-top  
Caledonia plays Scotch-hop  
With swimming eye and mazy gait,  
(By "mountain dew" inebriate)  
Summons every loyal chiel  
To reel the dance and dance the reel ;  
While centuries come, and centuries go  
"On the light fantastic toe."



## IV.

Small things often great foretell :—  
As murmurs low the tempest's swell.  
Would inquiring spirits know  
Whitherward the storm doth blow?—  
Mark the way the branch is bow'd,  
"When rocking winds are piping loud"  
Or the course of straws or leaves,  
In the whirlwind's vortices,  
All the varied curves amid  
Of cone, ellipse, or cycloid ;  
Such as the studious hours might please  
Of Euclid or Archimedes.

## V.

And so some trifle, light as air,  
The trick of genius will declare,  
And 'tis such trifle light, upturns,  
To prove how genius wrought in BURNS,  
T' whom Nature in the natal hour,  
Denied refined acoustic power.

That keener sense which music prizes,  
And which the *ear* monopolizes,  
By general rule, in common clay,  
In BURNS's gifted *body* lay;  
And chance did "testify" this sense,  
And show'd "its hidden residence."  
For, resting once his oaken chair,  
The sedent Bard caught up an air,  
With facile sense of interval,  
Inflective rise, and dying fall,  
And swaying gently to and fro,  
(As babes and nutrient mothers go,)  
The Bard, to sound no longer dense,  
Rocking, nursed the new-born sense.

## VI.

'Tis thus, that, in the dreamy vast  
(Darling visions of the past),  
I love the bard to contemplate,  
Backward sway'd, and head elate.  
Thus did he new-found tunes rehearse,  
And "marry to immortal verse;"

And as he whistled every air,  
Rocking in his oaken chair,  
'Twas "rocking wind and piping loud,"  
That help'd the bard, so strange-endow'd,  
"To untwist the chains that tie  
"The hidden soul of harmony."

## VII.

And may not this suggest a reason,  
Why Yankees, in and out of season,  
Cock up their heels in easy chair ;—  
Perhaps they're looking for an air.  
Perhaps 'twas thus some democratic  
Denouncer of th' aristocratic,  
With free-born kick 'gainst all things feudal,  
Composed the famous "Yankee doodle ;"  
The jerking bars of chair unsteady,  
Well suiting tune so rough and ready.

## VIII.

But now, to crown this joyous day,  
Raise the merry roundelay.

Let the merry dancers speed  
To oaten stop and pastoral reed.  
Yet hold ! no oaten stop must e'er  
Permitted be in Scotia fair ;  
Oaten stop to shepherd's ear,  
In classic clime, however dear,  
Were to the frugal Scottish nation  
But mournful prelude to starvation.  
For on oatmeal 'tis they live—  
And goodly meals can oatmeal give ;  
Therefore, in Caledonia free,  
That stop of oats may never be !

## IX.

But though oaten stop's forbid,  
Let no Scottish swain be chid,  
Who, while he takes his shepherd's crook,  
Also takes afield his book,  
That while his lambs enjoy their feed,  
He may enjoy his pastoral read.\*

\* Lest the amateur author should be thoughtlessly accused of frivolous punning, he begs to remind the critics of his Great Original's verses on "The University Carrier."

## X.

But reed and stop may stop away—  
Louder instruments let's play;  
Let the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound,  
Best befitting mirth's gay crew,  
With nods and becks and rebecks too;  
Or, if rebecks may not play,  
Bagpipes are as good as they.  
Be active all, for frolic ripe,  
The only drone be in the pipe;  
And if no pipe,—to dance we'll spring,  
As the suggestive fiddlestring  
Makes us twirl, as I have seen  
Apples on a Hallowe'en,  
Stuck on sticks set cruciform,  
While the revellers, in a swarm,  
Gather round the prize to seize,  
Thick as the melliferous bees,  
Thick as bees melliferous strive,  
Round the complex-cavern'd hive.

## XI.

For the dancers' final round,  
Hark the merry fiddles sound,  
While the joybells join the ring,  
Through the arcades echoing.  
And thus shall bows and bells propose  
The final dance to belles and beaux.

## XII.

Such our day!—from morning's light  
Till what time the angular flight  
Of the bat suggests that we  
Zig-zag home as well as he.  
Thus the mazy path we'll go,  
Still on the *fantastic* toe,  
Though the *lightness* all hath fled  
From the foot into the head.  
After festal elevation,  
Each descends to's proper station ;  
Where the locomotive's snorting,  
And the careful guard escorting ;

Or, it may be, at the feast's end,  
Some seek busses to the West End ;  
Some with frowns and some with smiles,  
Debating how they'll gang their miles ;  
Ev'n as, through life, it doth prevail,  
That some do buss it—some do rail.



## L E T T E R,

WITH AN INCLOSURE, SUPPOSED TO BE AN EARLY AND  
UNFINISHED WORK OF ROBERT BURNS.



*To the Directors of the Crystal Palace.\**

GENTLEMEN,

As I understand you are getting up a collection of manuscripts of the Great Bard for the Centenary you are going (most justly, and much to your honour) to celebrate on the 25th of January, 1859,—that being exactly one hundred years since he (the Bard) was born,—I inclose you a most interesting specimen of his youthful genius, which was discovered some short time ago in clearing out an old-fashioned escritoire, which has been

\* Our best thanks are due to these gentlemen for their courtesy and liberality, in allowing us to make full use of this valuable communication, and also for allowing us to inspect the MS. poem.—*B. T.*



neglected time out of mind in a back room in the upper story of a very old house, in which many generations of a worthy family have lived and died. After the demise of the last lineal descendant, a dispersion of the property took place, and in clearing out odd drawers before the furniture was sold by public roup (or auction, as you say in England), the inclosed manuscript was found; and I think it will be the most curious and interesting in your glass-case, in which, I am told, it is your intention to inclose all such documents, giving the public the opportunity of such a great pleasure, and at the same time insuring the safety of such precious relics.

The great point of interest which I would beg to point out to you in this most racy (so far as it goes) production, is, that it bears evidence of being written by the great Bard before he began to intermingle English so extensively in his productions, and *that*, much to their injury. What his own opinion was upon the gradual falling-off of his own generation from the good old language of his country may be seen in that matchless production of his, "The Brigs

of Ayr," wherein the "auld Brig" characteristically deplores the fact,—

"Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,  
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story."

And yet, strange to say, he himself committed the very fault he points out in others. He says in another place,—

"And may you better reck the rede,  
Than ever did th' adviser."

And he himself did not "reck the rede" as to keeping up the fine old language of his country, but became seduced into the use of too much of the English dialect, which only reduces the richness and raciness of his still matchless poems :—but what might they not have been if he had kept more to his vernacular?

Now, the great beauty of the inclosed is, that it is almost unadulterated. There is none of his published works so free from all foreign taint. It was evidently written when he was young, as the writing does not seem to be as yet what we may call a formed hand,

but having quite enough of the character of Burns's writing to leave no doubt as to the authorship; and the free use of the vernacular is another proof that it was a juvenile production, while he was yet proud of his native tongue, and revelled, if I may so say, in its wonderful expressiveness, which perhaps none but a native Scot can quite appreciate, but to which, I am pleased to believe, the English nation is by degrees getting familiarized by the works of our great Scottish writers. A venerable and learned lord has just written a letter\* with a view to its being made public on the day of commemoration, of which I have been favoured with a private perusal, and that

\* The remarkable philological essay here referred to—idly mistaken by many south of the Tweed for a mere *capriccio* of the noble writer—is too precious to be left to “wander unseen,” as it were (except by a few enthusiastic North Britons), in the fleeting columns of the provincial press. No!—the dictum merits a higher ovation. Redolent as it is of its gifted author—of the *Broom, broomy*—making so clean a *sweep* of all previous doubts on the question, which it now authoritatively decides, without appeal, we feel called upon to interweave the oracular scroll with the laurels of Burns, and to minister to its consecration by adding it *in extenso* to these collected effusions, offered at the poet's shrine.—*Vide Appendix.—B. T.*

letter contains a suggestion so full of erudition and good sense, bearing upon this subject, that I hope it will not be thrown away upon the English people, but that they will incorporate into their future dictionaries most (if not all) of our expressive words, and so invigorate their feebler language. But I fear I am wandering from the immediate matter in hand—not but that a digression is sometimes allowable, and even beneficial.

Now, the next point I would call observation to is, that in this poem, like most others of Burns, love is the topic—pure and blameless love ; for it is evident the lovers were going to be married ; a sudden flood, so common in Scotland (for Burns, be it remarked, was a strict observer of nature), interrupts them on their way to the kirk, and the bridegroom rescues his bride from drowning, we may suppose, and triumphs in the end, and

“Faulds her to his breest.”

The poem opens, in a sweet and unaffected manner,

“Gang wi’ me to Lixmaleerie.”

And on this line I would remark that Lixmaleerie

must present a difficulty to an ordinary reader, and I will explain its meaning. It is known that the French language had some influence in Scotland, from our unfortunate Queen Mary's intercourse and connection with that country ; and Lixmaleerie is merely the giving of a French title in a familiar or shortened mode (for I will not use the word corruption)—I say a familiar or popular manner of catching up a name which the Scots did not understand, that name being a French name. Now, there was a certain place of worship, or chapel, or chantry, called *l'église de Marie*,—whether specially the chapel of the Queen (Mary), or a chapel to the Virgin, I will not undertake to say ; but the entire place or locality where this chapel stood became known by the title of *l'église de Marie*, which in course of time, from one change to another, was abbreviated to its present form, “ Lixmaleerie.”

And now, Gentlemen, I will not interpose further between you and the pleasure that awaits you in the perusal of this poem, hitherto unknown, of Scotia's Immortal Bard.

FERGUS M<sup>C</sup> FASH,

*Bendreigh.*

## I.

Gang wi' me to Lixmaleerie,  
Couthie dearie,  
Paukie dearie,  
Where Clinkumbell is clatterin' cleerie,  
And lasses buskit gaily, O!  
Waukrife a' the nicht I lay,  
Whigmaleerie's toom to spae,  
Laith and lang, till blink o' day  
Wad gie to me my Mallie, O!

## II.

Gang wi' me to Lixmaleerie,  
Couthie dearie,  
Paukie dearie,  
Where Clinkumbell is clatterin' cleerie,  
We're aiblins baith expeckit, O!  
The hushion'd cowt afore the yett,  
Wi' chaup o' cloot, and crankous fret,\*  
Seems bletherin "Lassie, bide ye yet?  
Mess-John maun't be negleckit, O!"

\* "The impatience of the horse here, and his seeming

## III.

Gang wi' me, &c.\*—

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

The cap-stane o' the brig is cowpit,  
 The jaupin linn maun aye be loupet ;  
 If we fa' in we'll a' be roupet,  
 Mixtie maxtie dreepin droukit,  
 But better far the mouls be howkit,  
 Than guid Mess-John negleckit, O!

## IV.

Gang wi' me, &c.—

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

——— lost amaist my jo !

---

expostulation with the girl, is a fine idea."—Marginal pencil-note on MS.

\* Evidently unfinished.

Syne suld you ramfeeze!d\* be,  
 I'll haud thee up sae tenderly,  
 Wow ! young guidman, I'll bear the gree,  
 And fauld thee to my breest, my jo!

\* How fine this word "ramfeeze!d!" How poor the English equivalent "fatigued" is beside it!

---

NOTE.

With great respect for Mr. McFash, we beg to differ from him as to the authenticity of this poem. Mr. McFash is evidently an enthusiast, at once in admiration of Burns and his own vernacular, and we cannot wonder, therefore, at *his* being carried away in this matter ; but less enthusiastic people will remember the frequency of the like literary mistakes. How often strange old MSS. turn up by accident, or *are turned up* by the cunning hands of fabricators ! We cannot forget Chatterton and Ireland, and other ingenious artificers of the same sort, and, in a word, we unhesitatingly give our opinion that *the poem is not by Robert Burns*, however worthy it is of being given here as a *curious* document (and it is in such light only we would have it looked upon) ; and we would further remark that there was a son of Burns, named Robert, after him, who was much given to rhyming : *query*, might not the lines be his ?—*B. T.*



## THE PENNY-A-LINER'S HOPE.

By B\*\*\*Y C\*\*\*\*\*LL.

---

“ Hope, thou nurse of young desire ! ”

---

## I.

I SEE, I see, I fondly see  
That mine the Crystal Prize shall be;  
My name 'twill mark, and enlarge my bound,  
Till runneth my fame Earth's regions round !  
I'll sing of the clouds and mock the skies,  
With plenty of other bright mockeries.  
I'll have a spree ! I'll have a spree !  
When the fifty guineas they give to me ;  
At jolly suppers champagne shall flow,  
And revel reign where'er I go.  
If a row should arise, and awake the street,  
What matter ?—we the police can beat !

## II.

In pride, in pride, I'll love to ride  
By the Serpentine's and in Fashion's tide,  
While Countesses fair, with fav'ring eyes,  
Ogle the poet who won the Prize.  
And thus I'll bask in my noon of fame,  
Till my *porte-monnaie* is an empty name;  
And then, hard up, and the rhino gone,  
By my penny-a-line I must still hold on,  
And backward fly to the work I detest,  
As a foal that seeketh the old mare's nest;  
But the mare and her nest I'll alike despise,  
For a fortnight after I win the Prize!

## III.

The poem will be read the morn  
Of the hundredth year that BURNS was born,  
And then I'll touch the promised gold,  
And my jealous rivals will feel quite sold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild,  
As will welcome the Muse's favour'd child!

And I will forget the storm and strife,  
Of the penny-a-liner's painful life ;  
And while I'm in cash I'll proudly range,  
And forget I ever have sigh'd for change ;  
Nor thought, nor sorrow, shall come to me,  
Till the last of the fifty guineas I see !



# THE POET'S BIRTH:

A Mystery.

BY THE P\*\*\*T L\*\*\*\*\*T.



I.

I.

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the dirty  
town—

At the corner its lips are oozing a foul ferruginous  
slime,

Like the toothless tobacco-cramm'd mouth of a hag  
who enriches the crown

By consuming th' excised weed,—parent of smug-  
gling crime !

## II.

'Tis night ; the shivering stars, wrapt in their  
cloud-blankets dreaming,  
Forget to light an old crone, who to cross the  
hollow would try ;  
But watchful Aldebaran, in Taurus's head swift  
gleaming,  
Like a policeman, to help her, turns on his bull's-  
eye.

## III.

There's a hovel of mud, and the crone, muddled  
and muddled,  
Knocks, and an oxidized hinge creaks a rusty  
"Come in."  
Three are now in the hovel,—a woman in bed-gear  
huddled,  
A care-worn man, and a midwife, her functional  
fee to win.

## IV.

Midwives are hard as millstones :—Expectant fathers'  
emotions

Are dragg'd by the heart's wild tide, like sea-  
shore shingle,

Shrieking complaint, when the fierce assaults of the  
ocean

Beat them all round, without an exception single.

## V.

"You're late," says the father expectant. "Time  
enough," said the nurse.

"And drunk !" he added. The crone replied with  
a hiccup,—

"Keep your breath, guid mon, to cool your brose ;—  
a curse

On your clavers ; dinna ye hear the wife beginnin'  
her kick-up ?"

## VI.

Then rose a heart-bursting groan, as if the oil of  
existence,

Exhausted, fail'd to lubricate torture's tattering  
wheel.

Then rose the "shrill-edged shriek" of a child, with  
persistence,

Such as a super-gated swine imparts to its squealsh-  
ing squeal.

## VII.

The sharp-edged shriek of a child. "That's the  
cut!" says the nurse;

"If the swallow be like the hollo, the porridge  
will pay for it!—

A wee bit siller, the mair ye 'maun hae in the  
purse :—

Is it a boy, I wonner?—I ken the twa o' ye pray'd  
for it."

## VIII.

"Is it a boy?—'Who knows?' Or is it a girl?—  
'Who knows?'"

"Fool!" said the father; "it must be the one or  
the other!"

"Don't be so sure," said the nurse; "there be mair  
things than those."

"*Lusus naturæ*, you mean," said the father: the  
nurse cried, "Bother!—"

## IX.

"Haud your noise, you fule!" and upwards her  
fingers she throws,

Like a *chevaux-de-frise*, 'fore a face not worth  
defending;

And moving them briskly, like playing the harp,  
on her nose:

The fatherly patience, like all things of earth, had  
an ending.



## X.

“Hag!” he exclaim’d, “none of your witch incantations!—

No jugglery here!—no scarletry of the Pope’s,  
woman!—

Of the League and Covenant I!”—His hand, by a  
side inclination,

He laid on his Bible, and said, “I’ve had throws  
with Satan uncommon!”

## XI.

“Well, don’t throw your book at me!” said the  
crone, with a hiccup,

That shook her frame like an earthquake, and  
blew out the candle:

In vain did the gudeman strive to repuff the light  
in the wick up;

He lost but his breath and his patience, and  
swore ’twas a scandal.

## II.

## I.

DARKNESS ! Darkness ! Darkness !  
Ebon-carved idol of wickedness !  
Guilty deeds do love thee,  
Innocent childhood fears thee ;  
Therefore these do prove thee  
An unblest'd thing !—Who hears thee,  
Grisly, gaunt, and lonely,—  
Darkness ! Darkness ! Darkness !  
Thy brother Silence only !

## II.

Lightness ! Lightness ! Lightness !  
Great quality in small things,  
A pudding, above all things !  
Great quality in great things,  
And, not to understate things,  
Thou art the essence of sunshine,

Lightness ! Lightness ! Lightness !  
Whose brightness—  
And whiteness—  
Are but lackness  
Of blackness.

Therefore Darkness ! Darkness !  
Ebon-carved idol of wickedness !  
Let those who love you  
And Silence, prove you  
And seek !

Not I !

For why ?—for why ?—for why ?  
I'll speak !



## III.

## I.

" MAUD ! maud ! maud ! maud ! " \*  
Loud the father's calling ;  
" Where's my maud, maud, maud ? "  
As, o'er the joint-stool falling,

## II.

Groping for his maud,  
He thinks his maud is found ;  
But he grips the nurse's kirtle,  
As she rolls upon the ground.

## III.

Claw'd, claw'd, claw'd,  
His face is in a twinkling ;  
While, from the upset table  
Down comes the crockery tinkling !

\* A shepherd's plaid is called a maud.

## IV.

Joy-bells of destruction,  
Over ruin ringing ;  
While a splendid tear  
To his eye is springing.

## V.

Down his burning nose  
Hissing comes the tear-drop ;  
Like the melting pearl,  
Egypt's royal ear-drop ;

## VI.

In the goblet's stream  
Making costly ripple,  
As it was cast in,  
To enrich the tipple.

## VII.

Serpent of old Nile,  
None, in ages early,  
Could resist thy smile,  
Or thy purl so pearly !

\* \* \* \*

## VIII.

Down his nose it came,  
Like a pent-house shower ;  
'Twas a splendid tear,  
From a passion-flower !

## IX.

But the tear alone was his—  
(Better tears than curses);  
The flower was one of rhetoric,  
The passion was the nurse's.

## X.

The clamour was the devil's!—  
The rude old iron pot  
Said something to the kettle  
That had better be forgot.

## XI.

And as the onion sigh'd  
To the cabbage on the shelf,  
The cabbage with a "faugh!" exclaim'd,  
"Pray keep your sighs to yourself!"



## IV.

## I.

Like the spike-headed club  
In a warrior's hand,  
The spine-cover'd thistle  
Defends her land.  
Bravely 'tis swinging  
When winds do blow,  
Shaking defiance  
At every foe!

## II.

The blood-red lion  
Is ramping loud,  
Like a thunderbolt  
In a golden cloud!  
Wherefore is lion  
Thus ramping high?  
Why swings the thistle  
So joyously?

'Tis all for the babe that was born in the dark,  
When the beldame's hiccup extinguish'd the spark.



## V.

## I.

“ Maud! maud! maud! maud!  
My maud is a precious thing;  
In thy embrace I hide my face—  
No cat would look at a king

## II.

“ If that the cat could lie  
In my maud’s embrace, as I.  
Now, Heaven me save! but the blinding storm  
Is blowing right fearfully!”

## III.

’Twas thus the gudeman said,  
As he left his Lockless Hall;  
And the wind without and the child within  
Made a terrible night of squall.

## IV.

The wind, like an oyster-knife,  
Grinds at his fishy eyes ;  
And over his beard a briny drop  
To the sharp attack replies.

## V.

From neighbour to neighbour he taps,  
And asks at each door for a light ;  
But fast as he gets it, it is blown out ;  
For the lantern-door is not tight.

## VI.

And down comes the cataract rain,  
And down comes the hurtling hail ;  
Never was straw upon roof so thrash'd,  
Since it was thrash'd by flail.

## VII.

That night the storm was like to blow  
The planets out of the sky ;  
But still the planets out-topp'd the storm,  
Though the storm was so wondrous high.



## VI.

## I.

Falling is the snow,  
Every frosty flake  
Making the round world  
Like a wedding cake.  
What is't makes the snow?  
Is it frost?—no, no!  
Petals of the rose  
That in heaven grows,  
Thrown by angels down,  
In Elysian play,  
Make the snow, I say,  
To produce a crown  
For the bridal day.

## II.

Who's the happy bride?  
In the land of Erse,  
She's for ever married  
To immortal verse.

So the falling snow,  
    With its frosty flake,  
Is making the round world  
    Like a wedding cake.  
Cut it up in slices,  
    Pass it on and on,  
Under maidens' pillows,  
    To be dreamt upon.  
Under maidens' pillows,  
    Under maidens' bolsters,  
In the sailors' hammocks,  
    In the soldiers' holsters,  
Let the happy pistols  
    Fire a loud salute,  
Blow the brazen trumpet,  
    Blow the dulcet flute,  
Over blowing flowers,  
    Over blowing whales,  
Waterspouts discharging,  
    South of New South Wales.

## III.

Cut the cake in slices,  
Send it to your friends,  
All the wide world over,  
To the wide world's ends.  
Pass it to the north,  
Pass it to the south,  
Pass it to the west,  
Wherever there's a mouth.  
Pass it without passing  
Any living soul,  
From the hot equator  
To the northern pole ;  
From the northern pole  
To the southern ditto ;  
Never stop, so long  
As a single bit, O,  
Left to stop a mouth is,  
North, or north by south :  
West by east, or east-west,  
East by west, or west-east.

## IV.

Though this elemental  
Struggle sentimental  
Difficult be found,  
Box the compass round ;  
Stick on every point  
    A goodly sugar'd slice,  
And then the compass round  
    Will everywhere be nice.  
Where the niggers swelter,  
    On the coast of Guinea,  
Or in leafy shelter  
    Nurse the piccaninni.  
Pass it to the winds,  
    Catch the fierce tornadoes,  
And cram it down their throats  
    As they pass Barbadoes.  
There no niggard be  
    To the longing niggers,  
And the Californians,  
    And Australian diggers.

Pass it to the west,  
Pass it to the south ;  
How the luscious thought  
Watery makes my mouth.  
Let the night be day !  
And the day be night !  
Box the compass round !  
The compass of delight !





## GROVES OF SYDENHAM :

An Objurgatory Monody,

BY AN ENRAGED BARD.

---

THIS

SONG OF SORROW

MAY BE SAID, OR SUNG, TO THE TUNE OF  
THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

---

OH, GROVES of Sydenham,  
Where have they hidden 'em,  
'Them lovely lines that my fancy pinn'd,  
And undher cover,  
With Queen's heads stuck over,  
I to your palace through the post did sind?  
Good Sir, with my work,  
There's been some sly work,

Among your people I've some inimy,  
 Who's quash'd my poem,  
 Mark'd "Innishowen,"  
 "Erin go bragh," and "Cushla ma chree."\*

---

APOSTROPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE MATTER,  
 FOR PUBLIC INFORMATION.

I.

'Twas an advertise,  
 Wrote, to catch the eyes  
 Of Apollo's sons that rejoice in song,  
 To sound the lyre,  
 With poetic fire,  
 Upon Parnassus, where the Muses throng.  
 'Twas *The Centenary*,†  
 To howld in memory

\* It will be remembered the contending poets were required to put two mottoes of designation on their productions.

† Our Hibernian friend's false accent and imperfect rhyme in this couplet must be pardoned, in consideration of the

The birth of BURNS,—a great bard was he.

'Twas but little money

He had, my honey,

So his name alone he left posterity.

II.

'Twas to mark this thing,

On the tuneful string,

The Crystial Palace invited me,

Along with others,

Of my learnèd brothers,

To contest a prize of sublimity.

'Twas Fifty Guineas,—

And six hundred ninnies

Their brains did bate about—a barren waste,

While some sub-editors

Became competitors,

With a pair o' scissors and a pot o' paste.

state of irritability into which we cannot wonder he has been thrown by the supposed loss of his poem, and (possibly) the loss of the Prize.—*B. T.*

## III.

Some able min did  
Some things most splendid,  
And I among them produced an Ode,  
That might coax the thrishes  
From aff the bushes,  
Or dhraw down angels from their blest abodes.  
But some sly dodger,  
Some thricky codger,  
Or lurkin' inimy unknown to me,  
Suppress'd my poem,  
Mark'd "Innishowen,"  
"Erin go bragh," and "Cushla ma chree."

## IV.

For when I did sind, sir,  
At the thrial's ind, sir,  
With wounded feelings I did not disguise,  
For that ode of splindhur,  
Which did contind for,  
And, had I my rights, should have won the Prize,

Consaive my wondher,  
When a palthry undher-  
Subordinate of *Misther* Secretaire,  
Said the ode I claim'd,  
Must have been misnamed ;  
For that such an ode had been never there.

## v.

To such denials  
I pour'd the vials  
Of my wrath upon them all, and no mistake ;  
And in *one* department,  
I mobb'd *some* varmint,  
Until I made him and Dungarvan shake !  
But he slipp'd away, sir,  
Through a sly back way, sir,  
In which that labyrinth of glass abounds,  
And I can't, since, find him,  
Unless I'd wind him  
(As he desarves) with a pack o' hounds.

## APOSTROPHIC CURSE.

## I.

Oh, Crystial Palace,  
My bitther malice,  
Shall shower curses on you day and night.  
May your panes want glazin',  
And your cramps be taazin'—  
I mane your iron cramps, now right and tight;  
May your joints get shaky,  
And your spouts grow laky,  
And your painted skin all in blisters rise;  
May your courts be vicious,  
And your goolden fishes  
All turn to toads before the ladies' eyes!

## II.

May bitther slavery  
Reward the knavery  
Of all belongin' to your humbug house,  
From your great Directors  
To the small collectors  
Of the coin you daily from the people chouse.

May your toils unceasin'  
Be still increasin',  
Within your verge be no holiday,  
Till such o'erdo'in' ·  
Brings such rack and ruin,  
That the very wathers get no time to play.

## III.

May your Aquariums,  
And Megathariums,  
And Rhododendrons, and other bastes,  
Come all to life,  
And kick up a strife,  
That will make your visitors all fly in haste!  
Till desolation,  
O'ertakes your station,  
Like the Tower of Babel, on the banks of Nile,  
No pity cravin',  
But the tears desaivin',  
Of that slimy hypocrite, the crocodile!

## CONCLUSION.

## I.

Now I tell you, GROVES,  
I think there's few groves  
That ever shelther'd a gipsy tramp  
Has a darker corner  
Than that saycret scorner  
Of my learn'd treasures of the midnight lamp.  
Oh, GROVES of Sydenham,  
Where has he hidden 'em,  
Them lovely lines that my fancy pinn'd,  
And undher cover,  
With Queen's heads stuck over,  
I to your palace through the post did sind?

## II.

Oh, GROVES, you've crost me,  
And the prize you've lost me,—



'Twas like ready money in my purse, I swear;  
    Had the judges seen it,  
    'Twould surely win it,  
With its winnin' graces and its coxin' air ;\*  
    For 'twas a song, sir,  
    Whose air belongs, sir,  
To my native counthry of fame wide-spread,  
    Where whisky splendid,  
    With shilelahs blended,  
Makes nights of joy with many an achin' head.

## III.

Oh, GROVES, och hone-a,  
    You're not Dodona,  
But if that anshint clump o' threes was mine,  
    I'd make some remimber,  
    It contains good timber,  
Out of jackeen's jackets for to take the shine.  
    Oh, GROVES, I hate them !  
    And I would thrate them

\* The Groves of Blarney.

Like your cut-down namesake of Dunsinane;  
That's the way I'd *axe*  
Them, with deadly cracks,  
For my plundher'd poem that is lost to fame.

## IV.

If I e'er discover  
Who threw me over  
Worse than false Redpath, that divil's limb.  
Should we ever meet  
In the public sthreet,  
He shall find a red path quickly made for him.  
For on his beak I  
My mark will make,—I  
Revenge will take till his claret flows,  
And a red path surely  
He'll discover, purely  
By simply followin' his bleedin' nose.

## THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE GLENLIVIT.



AN interesting field of disquisition is opened to the scholar and antiquary whose literary by-paths lead them every now and then into the region of legends. It is impossible in such strange rambles not to perceive a remarkable likeness existing between the favourite legends of all countries, as there is between the superstitious regard in which certain things and certain natural occurrences are held by mankind in general ; for example, as the article of salt and the accident of sneezing. But it is with legends we have to deal in the present remarks ; and in the legend which I wish to preface with a few brief remarks,—a legend founded on Scottish annals, there is a remarkable likeness to a favourite legend of ancient Rome. In the latter legend, the influence of the heathen gods Castor and Pollux thrown into the scale of battle, turns it on the side of justice and the people ; in the Scottish legend, the unexpected presence of some spiritual beings produces a similar effect. But as the ancient adage assures us a story never loses in its carriage, which, indeed, it does not, but rather accumulates in its course, like a snowball ; so, in this

case, the supernatural agency is increased, and instead of the twins Castor and Pollux, we have a party of three coming to the rescue—Rob, Allan, and Willie (the first being an abbreviation, and the last an endearing substitute, for Robert and William), who accomplish by the shores of Glenlivit the same result which the twin divinities achieved by the Lake Regillus. This is not the only instance afforded by Scottish story of spiritual help afforded in battle. I need scarcely remind the reader of the appearance of Scotland's patron saint at a critical moment of armed encounter, hovering over the fight, while his cross glowed in the heavens ; which cross has ever since been identified with the country. It will be perceived, that, in the following lay, early examples of bardic effusion have been pretty freely copied ; the particularizing of certain heroes and heroines, and the frequent local references which impart such reality to our ancient ballads, not being overlooked. For the first legend, the classical scholar need scarcely be reminded where to find authorities ; nevertheless, for precision's sake, it is as well to mark a few :—*Virg. Æn.* vi. 121 ; *Hygin. Fab.* 77 et 78 ; *Dionysius*, 6, 13 ; *Liv.* 2 ; *Apollon.* 1 ; *Apollod.* 1, 8, 9. For the latter legend reference may be had to *Parl. Rot., Stat. Vict., Mosgiel. MSS., Gulielmæ Antiquæ, Liber. Cærul., Nicol. Correspon., Morn. Papers, Even. Papers.*

## THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE GLENLIVIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
THE LAYS OF ANCIENT RUM.

---

A lay to be sung at the Feast of Laurels—commonly called  
The Burns Centenary Festival—in the year of the city  
of Dun Edin M.CC.XXXIII.

---

## I.

It was a song of sorrow,  
Blent with a solemn vow,  
Floated across the lovely lake,  
And up the mountain's brow.  
Glenlivit ! O, Glenlivit !  
No wonder that we grieve ;  
Glenlivit ! O, Glenlivit !  
Why should we ever leave ?

## II.

No, we will never leave it,  
By oaths let us avouch,  
As long as mountain dew exists,  
And plack is in the pouch.  
Ye Parliament oppressors,  
Who Scotia ne'er could quell,  
Our fathers fought ye stoutly,—  
Their sons can fight as well!

## III.

When overwrought with sorrow,  
Or with heavy care oppress'd,  
Glenlivit is the secret glen  
That gives us peace and rest.  
Nor Lethe nor Nepenthe,  
From memory and pain  
Can shield like thee, Glenlivit,  
Where waves the barley grain.

## IV.

And hence 'tis they would drive us ;  
But they shall never drive !  
See how our clans are swarming,  
Like bees about their hive.  
From Lybster wild and steep,  
Where fierce Nor'-Easters blow,  
To where the waves on Udrigil  
Break with unceasing flow.

## V.

And as unceasing shall the flow  
Of our brave levies come,  
From Ullapool, and Loch Assynt,  
Dinwoodie and Tyndrum ;  
From Galloway Mull and Mull of Oe,  
And Sneeshin Mull beside ;  
From shore to shore, the gathering war,  
What foeman may abide ?

## VI.

“What need we all this gathering!” cried  
Black Joan of Creighton Peel;  
“The carlins only of our land  
Would drive our foes to th’ deil!”  
Black Joan she was of mickle might,  
Her muscles tough as cable,  
Descendant of that wondrous wight,  
Crichton the admirable.

## VII.

But Jinkin Jean would have her word,  
Till Joan, with eldritch frown,  
And raising of her fighting fist,  
Soon Jinkin Jean put down.  
And then Joan’s crony, Fletherin Meg,  
Laugh’d Jinkin Jean to scorn;  
When, o’er the rising storm of tongues,  
Loud bray’d a deafening horn.



## VIII.

'Twas bold Riff Randy blew the blast,  
A solid oath he swore,  
That carlins all should hold their tongues,  
Nor darken councils more.  
When up stood Ran-stam Hash, to speak,  
But Randy, with a curse,  
Said carlins fou were bad enough,  
But Ran-stam Hash was worse.

## IX.

"Silence!" he cried, "till we perpend  
How our Glenlivit we  
From furious foes may best defend,  
For, by my troth, you may depend,  
A deadly fight 'twill be.  
And we must choose a champion bold,  
The heady fight to guide,—  
'Tis Willie Waught I recommend,  
'Tis he that ever stood our friend,  
'Tis he that courage bright can send  
Throughout our ranks, from end to end,  
When hostile hosts we bide!"

## X.

Herewith, a thundering shout arose  
Which far Ben Vorlich shook ;  
From cliff and crag the startled stag  
Gazed with an eager look,  
And shaking from his antler'd brow  
Schiehallion's sparkling dew,  
By Alyth's glen and Mealchurran  
To Rannock's loch he flew.

\* \* \* \* \*

## XI.

But while Glenlivit's sons, we see,  
To muster were not slack,  
Their deadly foes, with bills and bows,  
Were gathering for th' attack !  
Their leader, Forbes Mackenzie  
(His bill of monstrous size),  
Had circumscribed Glenlivit's lads  
To cut off their supplies.

## XII.

For their great chief, John Barleycorn,  
No longer dare they ask,  
For Forbes Mackenzie laid him low,  
And, that the Glenlivites might know  
John's head was sever'd at a blow,  
He sent, as proof, in deadly show,  
The hero's empty casque.  
Well might Glenlivet's sons deplore  
A want they ne'er had known before ;  
Who in broad Scotland would not mourn  
Thy empty cask, John Barleycorn !

## XIII.

But, to record the battle,  
Some breath my muse should take,  
A fight by far surpassing  
That of Regillus lake ;  
And in this breathing period,  
In order I will name  
The various tribes and diatribes  
That to the battle came.

## XIV.

The Laird of Unco Guid led on  
A stiff and sturdy levy,  
And on Glenlivit they did vent  
Their censure hot and heavy :  
The Provost Primsie, too, was out,  
With many a rank supporting ;  
But Baillie Macswill had the gout,  
And Sherra Slee went courting.

## XV.

The Temperance lodges, two and two,  
With fifes and drums and banners,  
But not a single man was there  
Of the brave guild of Tanners.  
For tanners water will keep out,  
Even in the grave when lying,\*  
And will not choose to rot themselves  
With water before dying.

\* " Your tanner will last you nine years : he will keep out water a great while."—*Hamlet*.

## XVI.

But not one carlin in the land  
Join'd the Mackenzie faction,  
And for Glenlivit's cause they pray'd  
In the impending action.  
'Twas not *aloud* the carlins pray'd—  
(A Pharisaic merit)  
No—they but lifted up their eyes  
And labour'd in the spirit.

\* \* \* \*

## XVII.

But hark ! what shouts are ringing  
Along Glenlivit's height ?—  
Her hardy sons are rushing  
To turn the tide of fight ;  
For slily did the Temperance men  
Surprise the outer pass,  
Where many a snoring sentinel  
Lay listless on the grass.

## XVIII.

But when the vale they enter'd,  
To arms Glenlivit sprang,  
And Randy on a cart and tierce  
Dealt fiercely many a bang.  
Upon his cart and tierce upborne,  
The combat overlooking,  
With a long ladle in his hand  
He gave some calf's-heads cooking.

## XIX.

And Ran-stam Hash, with sudden dash,  
Supported the defence,  
And Joan the Black, of Creighton Peel,  
Pull'd off her brogue of heavy heel,  
And made Teetotallers to reel,  
Despite their abstinence!  
The Temperance banners waver'd  
Above the doubtful fray,  
When Willie Waught, with the reserve,  
Came thundering down, and cried, with nerve,  
"Charge home! and win the day!"

## XX.

But, as he spoke, a horrid sight  
Appall'd Glenlivit's battle,—  
A sturdy band, with helmets bright,  
Crowded upon a war-car's height,  
Fleet down the pass did rattle.  
Down springing from the car, they take  
The likeness of a monstrous snake,  
And Forbes Mackenzie jumping  
High on the car, the snake uprears,  
And fearfully Glenlivit's ears  
Are shock'd with sound of pumping—  
Sound by Glenlivit most abhorr'd.  
A sudden panic rose,  
And the accursèd water-snake  
The hottest valour soon did slake,  
For, spouting forth a deluge wide,  
This unexpected battle-tide  
Scatters Mackenzie's foes.

## XXI.

They turn'd, they fled, discomfited,  
Till, rushing from the rear,  
Three radiant forms came shouting,  
"To the rescue, lads! for Ayr!"  
"And who be ye?" cried Willie Waught,  
"That hope this rout to halt?"  
"Oh! we're the three good fellows  
That brew'd the peck o' malt!

## XXII.

"And Willie, Rob, and Allan, now  
Have come your friends to be,  
That for aye in sweet Glenlivit,  
Ye taste the barley bree.  
Come on and see our vengeance  
To your oppressors due!"  
And to the front of battle  
Glenlivit's champions flew.



## XXIII.

At sight of Rob and Allan  
Mackenzie turn'd to fly,  
But Robin seized the caitiff,  
And down he made him lie,  
And with the stoutest whisky  
E'er in the glen was seen,  
He made Glenlivit's gillies  
Fill up the snake-machine.

## XXIV.

And pumping on Mackenzie  
And the leaders of his hosts,  
He made them b'lieve in spirits,  
Though they might doubt of ghosts ;  
Glenlivit's joyous victors  
With cheers the welkin rent,  
And home was Forbes Mackenzie  
Upon a shutter sent.

XXV.

Now you who hear this story,  
Don't doubt it, if you please ;  
Have I not told you things before  
As wonderful as these ?  
Why should you doubt a legend  
Because 'tis nearer home ?  
Or can no fables please you  
But those that come from Rome ?



## LAY OF THE RAPT SPIRIT.

BY THE GHOST OF A\*\*\*\*\*E P\*\*\*.



AT the house of Lady Beaufoy, whose faith in the mysteries of spirit-rapping makes the *séances* at her house more than usually interesting, from the most distinguished Mediums being enlisted by her ladyship, and the most wonderful results being the consequence, a very remarkable instance occurred about last Christmas, when the proposed prize for the best poem on the occasion of the Burns Centenary Festival at the Crystal Palace was sometimes the subject of conversation in society.

Lady Beaufoy had invited a certain gentleman to witness the results of one of her *séances*, hoping to convince him of the truth of the marvellous intercourse that does really exist between the world of spirits and this lower sphere of ours ; for hitherto, this gentleman not only did not believe, but was rather a provoking scoffer against those who did. He was therefore requested to test to the utmost

the mystic power of the science, and to call for communication from any departed person whomsoever, and the sceptical gentleman suggested that the Spirit of Alexander Pope should be summoned and his opinion asked about the Crystal Palace affair, the prize, et cætera; declaring, that if Alexander Pope would do all that should be required, it would be accepted as proof positive of the real power of spirit-rapping, which he had hitherto doubted.

The great poet was accordingly summoned, and his opinion asked as to the fitness or unfitness of the proposed festival at the Crystal Palace. He declared it was most fitting that honour should be done to departed genius. His opinion of Burns's genius was then asked, and he declared it to be favourable in the highest degree. It was then suggested by the sceptical gentleman, that, as the great poet had left behind him in this world the reputation of being very jealous, his expression of admiration for Burns was not quite in character, when the Spirit, in some feeling words, assured the company that the mean leaven of jealousy was but part of the weakness of the flesh, which the spirit shook off when emancipated from the clay and admitted to the regions of the blest, which regions could *not* be blessed, if jealousy existed there. This answer was received with much satisfaction by the company, who considered the sceptical gentleman pretty well "set

down" by the reply ; but he returned to the charge in a fashion which he intended to be a *coup de grâce* to the spirit-rappers, by requesting that Alexander Pope would have the goodness to give his answers in rhymed verse. This was objected to by some of the company, as expecting too much ; but the sceptical gentleman said, that Pope himself, when alive, declared that the production of verse to him was no effort whatever, but rather an involuntary act of nature, that he had thus spoken of himself :—

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,  
I lisp'd in numbers ; for the numbers came."

And that what was easy to a mortal child could prove no difficulty to an immortal spirit. It will be readily perceived that the gentleman's object in making this move was to throw such a difficulty in the way of the Medium as to render imposition impossible ; and hence the objection of the company to the proposition ; hence, also, the reason why the sceptical gentleman insisted on the condition.

Much to the sceptic's surprise, three distinct taps were heard, and Lady Beaufoy and her faithful friends interchanged smiles, as the three taps indicated assent from the Spirit, and the lucky number three was interpreted to imply a successful issue to the event. A breathless silence ensued. The sceptical gentleman requested that Alexander Pope would extemporize some

verses immediately on the Burns Centenary Festival ; and the Medium bowing assent, a single tap succeeded, and the Spirit jocosely declared that if his verses were considered worth a rap, the company was heartily welcome to them. Immediately, in a sweet faint voice, was given the following effusion :—

Awake, Directors !—leave your fountain's tide  
To tickle Paxton's water-towering pride ;  
Pluck from your laurell'd shades the simple bough  
(Befitting crown for Peasant-Poet's brow),  
And make high festival to mark the morn  
When, for the world's enchantment, Burns was born !

The company here could not resist a low murmur of applause, while looks of wonder were exchanged ; and the sceptical gentleman seemed quite taken aback. A gently-murmured “ Hush ” recalled the company to silence, and a few faint tinklings, as of a lyre, giving the idea of the accompaniment of a celestial harp, succeeded. Again the voice was heard, as follows :—

While yet a boy, to manly work aspiring,  
The golden grain he reaps, and all untiring,

As, eyeing the sweet gleaner at his side,  
He sees quick-falling sheaves as quickly tied ;  
And toil is pleasure, sweeten'd by the spell  
That charm'd th' unconscious youth and maid as well ;  
For then first lighted was the subtle flame  
Whose warmth he knew before he knew its name.

Again there was an interruption of softly-murmured applause, and a silence of some seconds succeeding, it was supposed the Poet-Spirit had concluded, and the sceptical gentleman (much shaken in his scepticism) inquired, with marked respect in his manner, if the illustrious dead would satisfy him that it was likely Burns composed verses as early as his biographers asserted. The voice resumed :—

Love and ambition are contiguous fire :—  
We would excel wherever we admire.  
Passion, that scorns to plead in humble phrase,  
Will dare to emulate the poet's lays.  
So the young reaper first essay'd the shell,  
To rhyme the beauties of his lovely Nell.  
Oh ! lost to fame, and mute were many a string,  
Had Love not waked it with his passing wing.

The ladies here could not resist testifying their admiration, and a slight flutter of fans, like the rustling of angelic wings, mingled entrancingly with a few faint chords of the invisible harp. A gentle tap recalled them to silence, and the voice continued :—

Next see the ploughman while the dawn's yet gray  
Speeding to early toil his upland way.  
Though early he, yet earlier far is one,  
Climbing a loftier height to meet the sun,  
And pour with tuneful throat, in joyous lay,  
His greeting at the golden gate of day !  
Inwapt, the ploughman pauses for a time,  
To hear that sweetest of all matin chime ;  
'Tis sympathy !—'tis not the sensuous ear  
Alone enjoys that lofty song so clear ;  
His soul partakes in the melodious flight ;  
He loves the music and would dare the height ;  
Would grasp the pleasure of that soaring voice !  
Itself rejoicing, making all rejoice !  
'Twas thus the poet's soul within him stirr'd ;  
He felt his mission as he heard the bird,



Soaring instinctively its kindred skies,  
Like him inspired to sing, inspired to rise !

Too oft the bard of old could but afford  
Poetic homage to his chief or lord ;  
Squander'd on feasts and frays the minstrel's art,  
And praised the pomp of which himself was part.  
In later days it was for kings and peers  
The rhymers wrought his ready smiles or tears ;  
Or to some patron Cræsus bent the knee,  
And flatter'd for a dedication-fee.  
The Muses wept o'er such degenerate times,  
And outraged truth disown'd the venal rhymes.  
A nobler nature and a larger heart,  
In Burns expanded the poetic art.  
He to no paltry limit caged his mind ;  
His ample wing encircled all mankind !  
Too proud his spirit for a patron's rule,  
Too fresh his genius for a faded school ;  
Too bold from tame originals to trace,  
He snatch'd from Nature's self the wilder grace.

A grace that schools could never yet impart,  
AND ERST DECLARED BY ME "BEYOND THE REACH  
OF ART."

This repetition of the Poet's own celebrated words  
produced a marked sensation.

And here the candid critic must admire  
The poet's wit and tenderness and fire,  
The comprehensive mind, the varied power ;  
To see the outstretch'd "front of battle lower,"  
And triumph with a hero in the van—  
Or mourn "The Mountain Daisy's" shorten'd  
span ;  
Or give his pity to a startled "Mouse,"  
And read a moral from its ruin'd house.  
Whether the smile or tear his muse would claim,  
For "Tam o'Shanter," or "To Mary's" name  
(She from the loving poet's bosom riven,  
To whom his sighs from earth were breathed to  
Heaven),

He held in every mood, or grave or gay,  
O'er captive sympathy unbounded sway.  
The peaceful meadow, or the battle-field,  
Could each to him poetic subject yield :—  
Whether the timid hare awoke his lay,  
Or daring monarch, with his foe at bay,  
He, small or great, with equal power could sing,  
The hero of his field, a hare or king.

And here let generous hearts breathe freely forth  
This tribute to our brothers of the North :—  
Whene'er to valiant kings the cup is crown'd,  
Or when to bards the shells of joy go round,  
Then SCOTIA, great in arms and arts, may rise,  
And, through a vista bright of centuries,  
Point proudly, as her loving glance she turns  
To king and poet Robert—Bruce and Burns !

Here a lady whispered to her neighbour so audibly  
that the whole company heard her, that she was  
lineally descended from the hero of Bannockburn, and  
was cousin to Lord Elgin, the Minister Plenipoten-  
tiary to China. A somewhat reproving "*tch—sh*"

restored silence. And the Spirit-Voice, with most pathetic intonation, continued :—

The King has had his meed ;—not so the Bard :—  
Oh ! child of genius, oft thy fate is hard !  
Neglected living, and adored when dead ;—  
Unpaid the honour till the pall be spread !  
But though a passing sigh the bard may claim,  
Cloud not the day propitious to his fame ;  
The duty by the sire that's left undone,  
Is doubly graceful render'd by the son ;  
The Bard himself, the generous lord of song,  
In life had loved to see a righted wrong :—  
And as departed spirits love to hear  
The heart's outpourings of this nether sphere,—

These two last lines were given with great solemnity, and Lady Beaufoy, in an almost spectral manner, pointed at the sceptical gentleman, who became visibly pale, and some declared the wax candles burned blue.

His phantom form, in fleeting mist or foam,  
Haunting his hills, where Echo makes her home,

May catch the distant shout by thousands made,  
And the faint sound may soothe the fainter shade.

Such shouts *will* rise amidst the goblet's flow,  
To that great day, a hundred years ago,  
When Nature in her darkest hour did choose  
To make the brightest era of the muse.  
—Not Spring, with all her early flowers that cheer  
The heart with promise in the op'ning year,  
Nor Summer, with her zone of sunshine bound,  
Nor Autumn, with her golden harvests crown'd,  
Can match with Winter's glory in that morn  
She wove a snow-wreath, when THE BARD was born.  
Prophetic wreath!—a wreath of frozen tears—  
Fit garland for his brief and blighted years.  
Prophetic wreath!—fair herald of renown,  
Bright promise of the future laurel crown!  
Immortal wreath!—'twas snatch'd by fame away,  
And to Parnassus borne;—Apollo's ray  
Touch'd the pure coronal with ardent beam,  
And Scotia's snow-wreath swell'd Castalia's stream!

There was a flourish of the invisible harp ; the lights resumed their lively flame ; various expressions of admiration and wonder ran round the room. Lady Beaufoy approached her guest, who had been the cause of this wonderful *séance*, and, shaking her fan playfully (and yet somewhat earnestly) over him, said, in those tones, difficult to resist, "Kneel down at my feet this moment, and ask pardon, you hardened scoffer, for your former sneers at our mysteries, and acknowledge, with Hamlet, that

‘There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’”



LETTER TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE  
CRYSTAL PALACE,

REFUSING TO BECOME ONE OF THE COMMITTEE  
OF ADJUDICATION.



GENTLEMEN,

You propose that I should be named as one of the judges to award the prize on the occasion of the poetic competition you have invited, as part of your programme for exciting public attention to your extensively-advertised celebration of the centenary birthday of Burns ; but I have no ambition to be a member of your literary triumvirate. You are good enough to make the offer as "a just compliment to my literary supremacy," as you are pleased to say ; but your notion of compliments must be as strange as that of Prince Lee Boo's of music, when he was taken to the opera for a treat, and said

he liked the first piece of music the best,—he, poor savage, mistaking the tuning of the fiddles for the overture. A strange compliment, in sooth, to be asked to have one's ears scratched with the wretched rhymes and false metres in which some hundreds of poetasters will measure out the contents of their poetic gasometers, whose emanations are likely to be more remarkable for mephitism than brilliancy. Your proposed compliment I therefore beg to decline ; but as you have implied that my opinion is worth having, I will give it you, not on the poems, but on your proposition to make this occasion subject-matter of poetic competition.

One would think there were pitfalls enough, whirlpools sufficiently capacious to swallow the star-gazing fools who are always looking up into unreal nothing, disregarding the real something that is under their feet ; or the reckless desperadoes of adventure, who dash off in their crazy shallops, without chart or compass, into the sea of life (which, by the way, has not, like the real sea, enough of salt in it to preserve it from putrefaction), without any additional stimulus



from the directors of a company in the holding out of a golden lure to tempt fools to their destruction. If you had advertised for the production of a poem to be read on this occasion, there are plenty of gudgeons who, for the mere sake of an empty ambition, would have swallowed your hook *bare*; but when you put a golden bait upon it,—gilding ambition, as it were,—you introduce another element of human nature (and a potent one)—namely, cupidity, into the matter; **making** it still more noxious. It may be remarked, that **love**, of fishing and a love of rhyming are very common to the human race (therefore be not too proud, my sucking Walton or precocious Pope), and both occupations are pursued with lines, whether young gentlemen, like Charles Lambe's "Hope," fish for traditionary gudgeons in the New River, or cast their flies (which will never be preserved in amber) across the Castalian stream, in hopes of "a rise." Now, as the proprietors of fishing-tackle warehouses hang out a gilded fish, dangling from the end of a fishing-rod, as a temptation to the latent propensity for torture which exists in most people; so you, gentlemen of the Committee of

Directors of the Crystal Palace, dangle your poet in the eyes of the rhymers to stimulate what is already but a too prevalent propensity. Must we have kippered Scotch poets, as we have kippered Scotch salmon to titillate a sickly appetite ? Though the one be smoked with the cast-off shavings of oak, and the other with specially prepared parings of the laurel, the practice is equally vicious. Abstain from laurel, I say, young gentlemen, who are thus invited to that grand affair of smoke on the 25th of January ;—abstain, I say, and take to the humbler wand of ash, notched with thirty-six inches ;—I mean an honest English yard ; and be content with your proper place behind some draper's counter,—most likely your fitting position ; and then your measure will be perfect ; and though it may be only fustian you mete out, it will surpass the fustian manufactured hard by Parnassus in this respect, that the fustian measured as I recommend will cover somebody, while the other fustian will only doom *you* to nakedness.

So much for the rhymers that you would unnecessarily stimulate : and now a few words on this cente-

nary festival itself. Our cousins north of the Tweed have so constantly twiddled their tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee into us, that England has been dinned into an acquiescence as to the poetic merits of "Scotia's Bard" (as the phrase runneth), and a sort of parrot-praise has been established, which I do not desire to disturb any "pretty poll" in uttering, who pleases, on a separate perch ; but to make the Crystal Palace one great aviary for all the pretty polls to clamour in, is too much for our ears and our understandings ; for though poor John Bull is not gifted (though he may think he is) with a fine ear, he has the reputation, at least, of some common sense. If such a clamour is to be made, go, in the name of charity, to the macaw-house in the Zoological Gardens, and there, with great propriety, may the

Birds of a feather  
Flock together.

You have gigantic fooleries enough at the Crystal Palace, including your Egyptian dolls in red tights, without inviting an irruption of red-shanks from the North to utter wild hurras upon the recitation of some

twaddle in rhyme to a Scotch rhymers. Hadn't you better let them play golf down your nave, or, weather permitting, have a game of curling on the fountains?

As for Burns himself, poor fellow, I would not willingly say a word against him; but when this monstrous absurdity is attempted, opinion is inevitably evoked to his detriment. As for his poetry, it was well enough for the time,—indeed, a great improvement on some of the strange gibberish that went before him; but to make it the subject of a colossal ovation, is simply absurd, to say the best of it; and to drag the poor fellow himself out of his grave, where one would willingly let his faults lie undisturbed, is a sad indiscretion on the part of those who call themselves admirers, who are so loud in praise of many heroic qualities that they *will* insist he possessed;—among others, his independence and love of liberty. He showed, certainly, he was very fond of the latter, by the anxiety he exhibited at an early period of his life, when he was in danger of losing it, and the disagreeable confinement of a steerage passage to the West Indies seemed preferable. One is tempted to

speculate on what might have been the result of that voyage, had it taken place; he might have rhymed to Negro melodies instead of Scotch, and have anticipated the sable minstrels of our own day; we might have had an earlier "O Susanna, don't 'ou cry for me;" and his adoration for the lasses of Mauchline might have been bestowed on "Buffalo gals," whom he would have been equally happy to have invited to "come out at night." But before his intended start, the modest bard wrote a poem, which is a piece of supposititious praise of himself, anticipatory of what will be said of him by his boon companions and some foolish women:—this self-glorification, however, we must somewhat excuse in him, as rather a national than a personal vice.

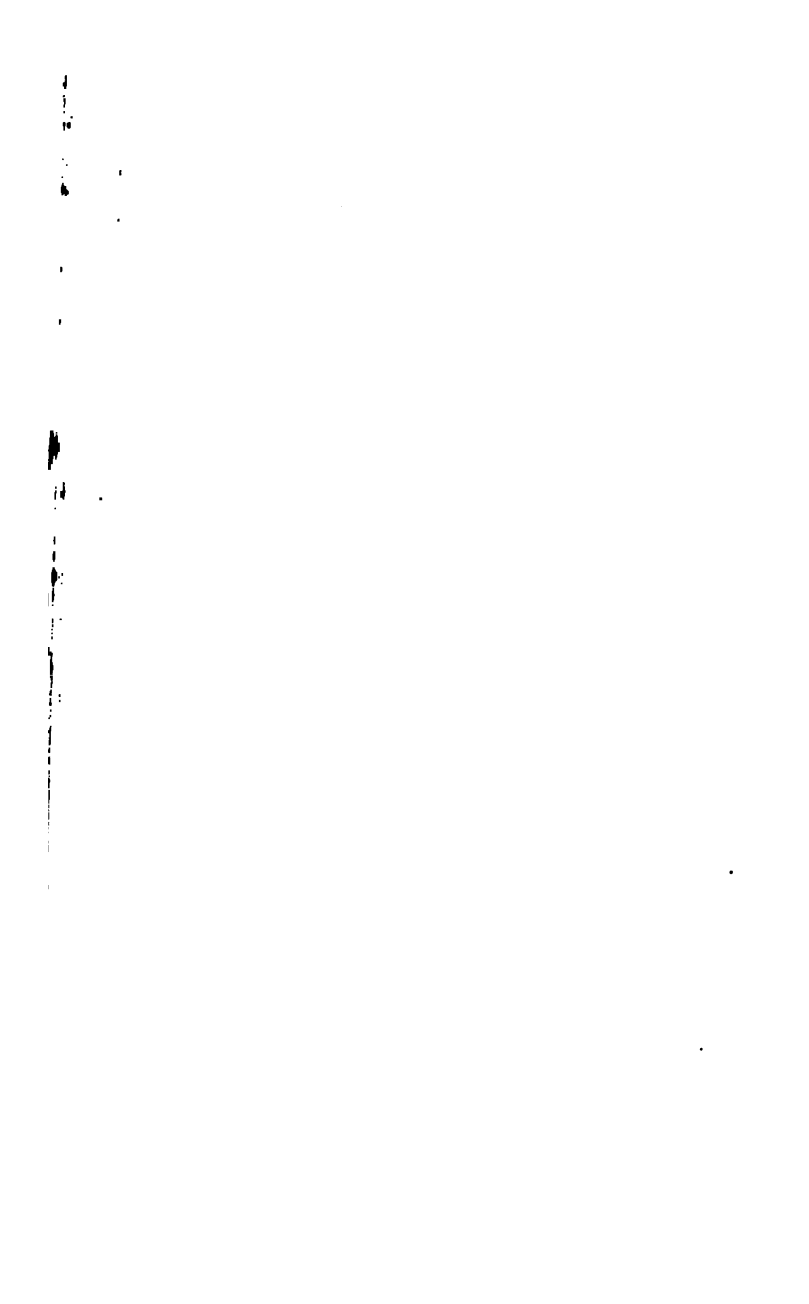
So much for the man; and now for the country that so rashly challenges opinion on this subject. Why was not something done for him when he was alive? Why take him from the plough, which he was fittest for, and hoist him into a society above him, which dropped him as soon as he had satisfied a temporary curiosity? Some few, not as bad as the rest, said

such genius should be nurtured,—elevated above vulgar wants ; in short, rewarded. And what did *they* do ? —They got him a place—£70 a year ! What a reward for genius ! And what is the place ?—That of a gauger. Fancy a gauger of *genius* ! What discrimination, too !—a man—— but I will not pursue the subject further, as it might lead to saying something painful. What I have said is sufficient, I should hope, to show that your festival is a great mistake, at least as far as poor dear Burns is concerned. I dare say, however, you will have a full attendance on the day—that is another matter. However, do not make the entrance-money half a crown, or you will be disappointed ; for, as the Scotch say themselves, they “look on the twa sides o’ a shillin’.”

Now, a half-crown, by the Scotch rule of reckoning, has five sides ; and a pentagon, observe, being mighty in the resistance of evil influences, your demon of lucre would be foiled.

Your obedient Servant,

W. M. T.



## APPENDIX.

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### LORD BROUGHAM

ON THE GENIUS OF BURNS, THE LANGUAGE OF SCOTLAND, AND  
THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

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AT the Burns' Centenary Festival held in the Music-hall in Edinburgh, when Lord Ardmillan presided, the following letter from Lord Brougham was read by the chairman :—

“ My Lord,—It is altogether unnecessary to say how very deeply I lament the disappointment of my hopes that I should have been able to attend this interesting festival. Such celebrations are the discharge of a duty—the payment, as it were, of a debt to departed genius ; they afford occasion for indulging in mutual congratulations, and displaying honest national pride. But, also, they should by all means be turned to good account, in the opportunity which they give of drawing practical inferences from the subject-matter of our contemplations. To two of these inferences I take the great liberty of directing your attention in order



that this celebration may be productive of some useful result.

“After his great poetical genius there is nothing so remarkable in Burns’ history as the extraordinary refinement of his sentiments, and even of his taste, from his earliest years—the effect certainly of his education having been greater than falls to the lot of the peasantry, even in Scotland. But it is impossible to read the accounts of his family, and his description of and correspondence with his friends of the same age and same humble station, and not be struck with the manner in which they were all raised above their condition by the ordinary education of the parish schools, and the taste for reading and for contemplation to which it gives rise, besides its effects in forming industrious and temperate habits. It led in him further, to the greater cultivation of his faculties and the nursing and unfolding of his genius ; and we have an unquestionable right to affirm that, but for this education, he, in all likelihood, would have passed through the life of a humble and unknown peasant, and that his genius would never have been known either to himself or the world. The existence of genius must ever be an accident ; but, as it cannot be confined to any class of the community, the chances of its appearing—that is, of its existence being known—must needs be in proportion to the numbers placed in circumstances that shall nurse and unfold it. Thus, beside the ordinary

.

and every-day effects of this education, we have its necessary tendency to mature and to disclose rare capacity of the highest order—all that is called genius ; a Watt to alter the whole face of the world by the changes which his profound science and matchless skill produced, each change an improvement and adding to the happiness of mankind ; a Burns whose immortal verse makes the solace and the delight of his countrymen in every age and every country where their lot may be cast. These are of course very rare examples ; but it is fit to dwell upon the common and universal effects of the system in raising the character of our people, distinguishing them wherever they go for intelligence and usefulness, for thoughtful and therefore prudent habits. The testimony is general, and it is striking, which is borne to them in these respects, not only by calm observers free from all national prejudice, like M. Biot, father of the National Institute (whose work on our Scotch system I am publishing with notes), but by the employers of labour in all parts of the world, both old and new. It is truly gratifying to reflect that, wherever a native of Scotland goes, he bears his character along with him, and finds his claims to respect acknowledged as soon as he declares his country ; not, like the old Roman, appealing to the fears awakened by the sound of the barbarous tyrant's name, and silencing the voice of justice or preventing its course, but representing the humane and enlight-

ened nation which has faithfully discharged its highest duty of diffusing knowledge and promoting virtue.

“The inference to be drawn is that what cannot in any way be treated as the ground of empty boast should not be made the ground of exultation, foolish and unprofitable. Our duty is to maintain and amend the system by all well-considered measures, so that it may not only be perpetuated but improved. There, as everywhere else, time has produced some defects and disclosed others. By our experience in both these respects we are bound to profit, securing the independence of teachers, placing them under the inspection which the law originally intended to be effectual, providing for their removal when incompetent, and for their support when disabled by age or infirmity, apportioning their advancement to their merits, and raising to their just place in society such as are distinguished by their useful labours, nor ever forgetting that to this body of men there once belonged one of the most powerful preachers and eminent leaders of the National Church. That a firm resolution to work for the attainment of these objects may arise out of this celebration, to which it is so peculiarly appropriate, would not seem to be entertaining too sanguine a view.

“But it is also fit that we should on this occasion consider in what language Burns’s poems—at least by far the most celebrated, and the most justly celebrated—are written. It is the language, the pure and class-

ical language of Scotland, which must on no account be regarded as a provincial dialect, any more than French was so regarded in the reign of Henry V., or Italian in that of the first Napoleon, or Greek under the Roman Empire. Nor is it to be in any manner of way considered as a corruption of the Saxon ; on the contrary, it contains much of the old and genuine Saxon, with an intermixture from the Northern nations, as Danes and Norse, and some, though a small, adoption from the Celtic. But in whatever way composed, or from whatever sources arising, it is a national language, used by the whole people in their early years, by many learned and gifted persons throughout life, and in which are written the laws of the Scotch, their judicial proceedings, their ancient history, above all their poetry. Its Saxon origin may be at once proved by the admitted fact that Barbour, Chaucer's contemporary, is more easily understood by an English reader at this day than the Saxon of the father of English poetry. The merits of the Scotch language are attested, as regards conciseness, by the brevity of the Scotch statutes compared with the English ; and, as regards clearness, by the fact that there has been much more frequent occasion for judicial interpretation of the latter than of the former. But the peculiar value of the language arises from the great body of national poetry entirely composed in it, both in very remote times and in those nearer our own day ; and there can

be no doubt that the English language, especially its poetical diction, would greatly gain by being enriched with a number both of words and of phrases, or turns of expression, now peculiar to the Scotch. It was by such a process that the Greek became the first of tongues, as well written as spoken. Nor can it be for a moment admitted that the Scotch has less claim to this partial adoption than the Doric had to mingle with the Ionian, or the *Æolic* with the Attic. Indeed, of *Æolic* works there are none, while there is a whole body of Scotch classics. Had Theocritus lived before any poet like Pindar made frequent use of the new Doric, his exquisite poems, so much tinged with Sicilian, must have given that dialect admission into the pure Greek. Indeed, Pindar, himself *Bœotian*, and naturally disposed to use the old Doric, has recourse to the new for its force of expression, probably as much as he would have done had he, like Theocritus, been a Sicilian, as Moschus did, who belonged to those colonies in Asia Minor the origin of the language and literature of Greece. It must be allowed that when we refer to the free admission of various dialects into the classical language of Greece, we should bear in mind the peculiar fastidiousness of the Attic taste, and its scrupulous rejection of all barbarisms and all solecisms—all words in languages not purely Greek, and all terms of expression arising from the corruption of that pure tongue.

“ It is a great mistake to suppose, as some have done, that the interest excited in all minds by the associations of early years forms the only ground of desiring to retain in certain compositions the language familiar to us in childhood. The charm imparted by such associations is unquestioned ; but it is not the only merit of the language, which may have other claims to being preserved, independent of that. Thus Scotchmen will, beyond all doubt, feel a greater interest in Burns’ poetry because it is in the language used by those who cherished them in childhood, and which themselves first spoke. But so they will feel a greater interest than foreigners in the songs which they knew at the same period of life, in whatever language composed—an interest wholly independent of the language ; and yet there may be in the merits of the language itself strong claims to being preserved and adopted. A Sicilian might feel the charm of Theocritus’ verse because it reminded him of the pastorals, the national songs of the peasantry, whence, indeed, it was in a great part taken ; and he might delight in that verse all the more for the language in which it was composed. But others, as Pindar and Moschus, who could have no feeling of local associations, could adopt that language in their lyrics and pastorals, if not preferring it, yet uniting it to their own, because of its peculiar adaptation to the subjects of their composition.

“The events which brought about the general disuse of the Scotch language—first, the union of the Crowns, but, infinitely more, that of the kingdoms—have not extinguished the great works in which it is preserved. It stands in very different circumstances from the Italian in this important respect. The accident of the great writers, especially the poets, being Tuscans, in all probability prevented the dialect of Venice from being the classical language of Italy, and its great beauties make men lament that it is not partially adopted into the more expressive but harsher Tuscan, the prevalence of which has kept all poets of eminence from using any other. Scotland stands very different in this important particular, for the greatest of modern lyric poets has used the Scottish alone. Assuredly, had either Dante or Petrarch been Venetians, the Tuscan would have divided its sovereignty with the dialect of Venice. The accident of all the great writers of the fourteenth century being Tuscans had the same effect in preventing the other language from keeping its ground which political changes had in discouraging the Scotch; yet it can hardly be doubted that if Ariosto or Tasso at a much later period had used the Venetian, it would have gained an ample share of estimation; and if to this had been added the important circumstances that all the Italian national poetry was confined to the shores of the Adriatic, as all the British has ever been to the

country beyond the Tweed, the inevitable consequence would have been a great softening of the Tuscan by the sweeter Venetian, at once to improve the language and to prevent two several tongues being used by the same people.

“ Would it not afford means of enriching and improving the English language, if full and accurate glossaries of approved Scotch words and phrases—those successfully used by the best writers, both in prose and verse—were given, with distinct explanation and reference to authorities? This has been done in France and other countries, where some dictionaries accompany the English, in some cases with Scotch synonymes, in others with varieties of expression. It may be hoped that the very learned person who is preparing an important philological work of the same description may incorporate with it the flowers at least of our Northern Doric. Two of our most venerated names—those of Playfair and Stewart—may be cited; they were wont to express their desire to borrow some Scotch words as of great scientific use. In the judicial proceedings of Parliament we have, at least of late years, discountenanced all attempts at translating Scotch technical expressions into English. Let it be added, that the greatest poet after Burns whom Scotland has produced (there wants no mention of T. Campbell) was wont to lament the inability of using his mother tongue with



the mastery which he had so happily gained over a foreign language.

“I have to apologize for this intrusion upon the meeting, but only for the length of the letter and its inferiority to the subject.—Yours faithfully,

“BROUGHAM.”

“CANNES, *Jan.* 17, 1859.”



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